6/6/71

Dear Penn,

Were it not for need, I'd not be writing you.

At some point, what you have done, to me alone, will become completely intolerable for you. Just the time I've spent trying to get the money you owe me is a serious interference with serious work, of which all too little is being done by anyone. And you cause that waste of time and do nothing yorself but grip and cowed and complain, all unlike the you I thought I once knew.

Now there is no doubt you owe me this money, plus the interest I have been paying on it. Were that insanity of yours, that I am some kind of agent, true, it would be irrelevant to everything but your personal integrity, for the fact would remain that you do owe me this money. How you can engaged in this self-deception and consider yourself either honest or rational I just cannot understand.

Or how you could believe such rubbish having read my work, especially the most recent, against which the greatest pressures ever are being exerted. Everybody I know believes my publisher has been reached. I fear it wasn't necessary, once they began feeling pressures, like those currently from the New York Times, upon whom they will be dependant for decent treatment of anything else they publish.

However, in addition to the fact that for years we have lived in financial desparation, we now have an additional problem. Lil fell down and is confined to bed. We are, as you know, both alone and isolated. So, aside from her suffering, about which she is uncomplaining, this means that I must be with her at all times.

But in nine days I'll have to be away. One of those "agent" vertures of yours, acting as my own lawyer in a suit against the government in which I have proven my agentry by charing perjury against it. Aside from not having the money for transportation and parking, I will also need a "baby sitter".

So, I am again writing and again asking that you pay me immediately and in full, what you owe and interest to date. If I cannot make you or persuade you, I have reached this point: you believe me, if you do not, the occasion will come when I will see to it that as long as you live you will never forget it. I know you well enough to know that this is not the way to talk you into doing what you know you should and just will not. But I do this superficially counter-productive thing in fairness to both of us, for I will at some point, do something about this. It is an unspeakable thing you have done and are doing. Having to take it from corrupt or reached booksellers and wholesalers is one thing, but having to accept it in silence from one with your lofty pretensions, one who has so loudly proclaimed that he is one of us, I neither can nor will do.

With no less candor, I su gest that you go over your own files and see for yourself what in your stupidity and arrangance you have provided for such a purpose.

Few things can make me unhappier than having to write <u>you</u> this way. One is what you have done and persist in perpetuating. When will you ask yourself how you could?

With sincerest disgust,

Harold Weisberg